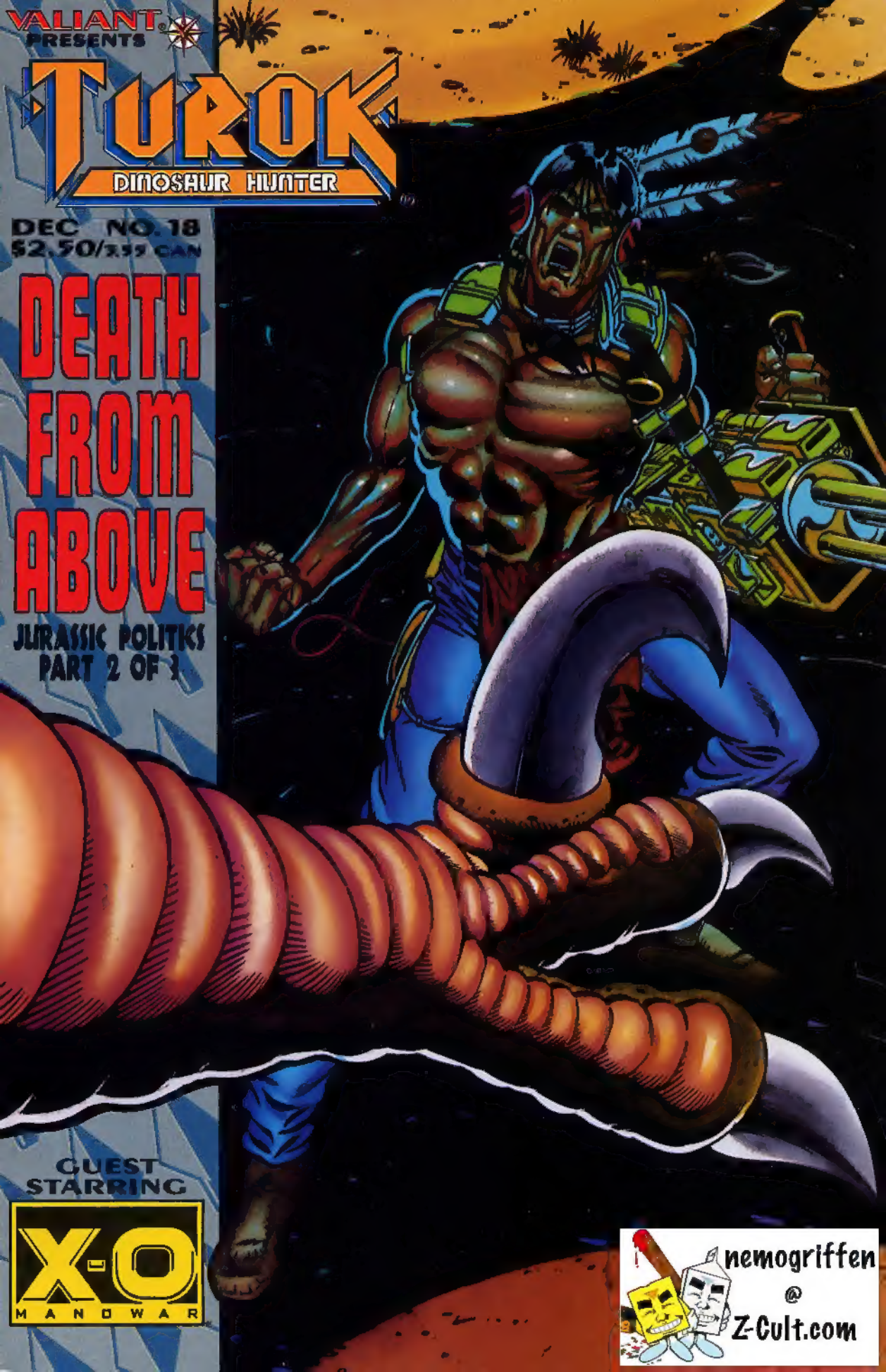

VALIANT PRESENTS
TUROK
DINOSAUR HUNTER
DEC NO. 18
$2.50/2.99 CAN
DEATH FROM ABOVE
JURASSIC POLITICS
PART 2 OF 3
GUEST STARRING
X-O
MANOWAR
nemogriffen
@
Z-Cult.com

Lost in time, a 19th century Kiowa brave finds himself in today's world -- along with scores of vicious, technologically-enhanced bionisaurs. There is no choice...the warrior must now become--

TUROK
DINOSAUR HUNTER

WHITE MAN SPEAK WITH FORKED TONGUE

JURASSIC POLITICS, PART TWO

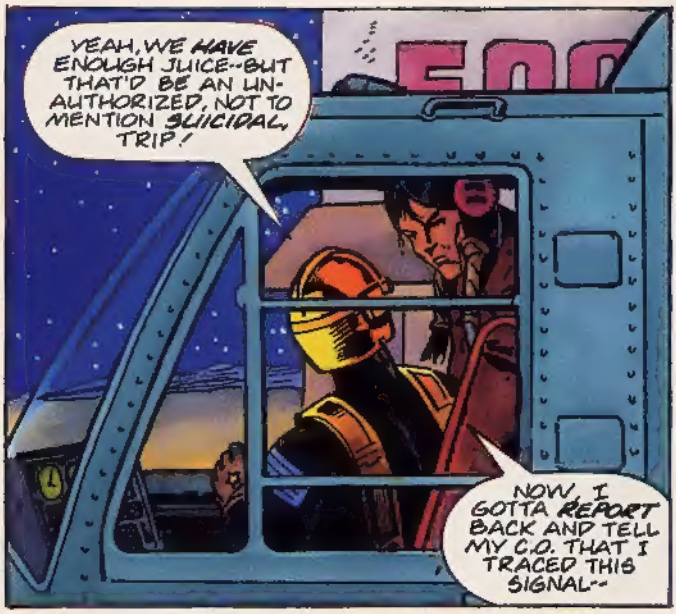
TWENTY MILES SOUTHWEST OF AN AIR FORCE TESTING GROUNDS IN NEVADA, SEPTEMBER 19, 1994.
OH, MAN, I DON'T KNOW WHAT WE WERE THINKING WE SHOULDA PUT YOU IN CHARGE RIGHT AWAY 'CAUSE YOU'RE THE MAN THE WAY YOU KILLED THOSE... THOSE... THINGS...
THE WHITE SOLDIERS BROUGHT ME HERE TO TEACH THEM HOW TO HUNT BIONISAURS.
PERHAPS IF THEY HAD LISTENED TO ME, THESE MEN WOULD NOT BE DEAD.

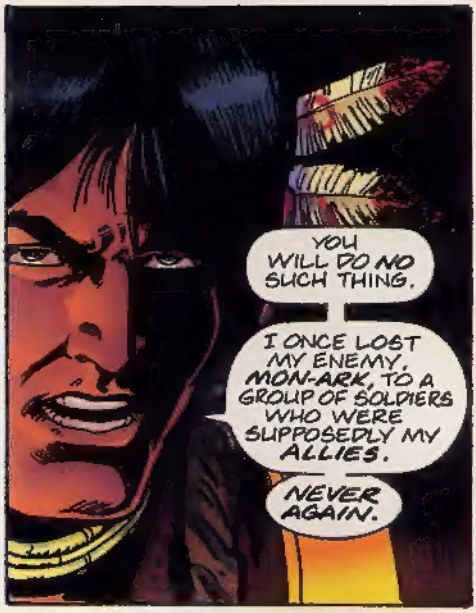
ANTONY J.L. BEDARD
Writer
HOWARD SIMPSON
Penciller
PAT BOYETTE
Inker
JOHN CEBOLLERO
Colors
BOB LAYTON
Editor-In-Chief

I MEAN, HEY, YOU'RE THE EXPERT, RIGHT? YOU'RE THE ONE WHO KNOWS HOW TO HUNT THEM...
STILL GOT NO IDEA WHY THEY'RE ATTACKING FOREIGN SPIES HERE, BUT AT LEAST WE'RE STILL ALIVE.'
AND WE'RE GOING HOME-- RIGHT?
FOR A COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER, YOU DO VERY LITTLE LISTENING.
WHEN YOU ARE READY TO LISTEN, THEN YOU'LL SHUT YOUR MOUTH.
THIS HUNT IS JUST BEGINNING. WE MUST FIND OUT WHO IS CONTROLLING THE BIONISAURS--USING THEM AS ASSASSINS.
THERE'S NO GOING HOME NOW--ONLY HUNTER AND PREY. WHICH ONE ARE YOU?

TUROK, DINOSAUR HUNTER® Vol.1 No.18, December, 1994. Published by VALIANT®, a division of Voyager Communications Inc., Steven J. Massarsky, Secretary. Office of Publication: 275 Seventh Avenue, New York, NY 10001. ©1994 Voyager Communications Inc. Turok is a registered trademark of Western Publishing Inc. All other characters herein and the distinctive likenesses thereof which originally appeared in publications originally published by Western Publishing Company, Inc. are trademarks of Western Publishing Company, Inc. All other characters herein and the distinctive likenesses thereof are trademarks of Voyager Communications Inc. All rights reserved. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any persons living or dead, or any institution is intended and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. PRINTED IN CANADA

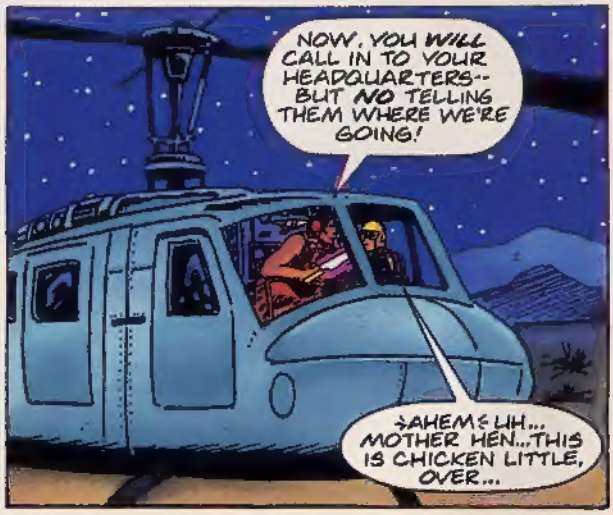
UM... OKAY. LIGHTEN UP.
LOOK--I WAS MONITORING SOME STRANGE SIGNALS JUST BEFORE THE ATTACK.
THE SIGNALS WILL BE RECORDED IN THE CHOPPER'S EQUIPMENT.
UH-HUH. THERE. I TRACED THE BIONISAURS' CYBERNETIC SIGNALS TO THEIR SOURCE.
THE SIGNAL WAS BOUNCED OFF A SATELLITE FROM A POINT IN UTAH.
DOES THIS.. "CHOPPER" HAVE ENOUGH FUEL TO REACH UTAH?
W-WAIT A MINUTE...!


YEAH, WE HAVE ENOUGH JUICE--BUT THAT'D BE AN UN-AUTHORIZED, NOT TO MENTION SUICIDAL, TRIP!
NOW, I GOTTA REPORT BACK AND TELL MY C.O. THAT I TRACED THIS SIGNAL--


YOU WILL DO NO SUCH THING.
I ONCE LOST MY ENEMY, MON-ARK, TO A GROUP OF SOLDIERS WHO WERE SUPPOSEDLY MY ALLIES.
NEVER AGAIN.

YOUR CHIEFS ONLY WANT TO CAPTURE, NOT DESTROY, THE BIONISAURS.
THEY WANT THE SECRETS OF THE SCIENCE MOTHERGOD USED TO MAKE THE THUNDER LIZARDS SMART.
BUT I KNOW ABOUT YOUR CHIEFS.

ANDAR AND REGAN TOLD ME THAT C.I.A. MEN HAVE MADE LEADERS OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN MOVEMENT "DISAPPEAR."
YOU'RE ABOUT AS TRUSTWORTHY AS THE U.S. CAVALRY SOLDIERS I MET WHEN I WAS YOUNG.


NOW, YOU WILL CALL IN TO YOUR HEADQUARTERS--BUT NO TELLING THEM WHERE WE'RE GOING!
AHEM! UH... MOTHER HEN...THIS IS CHICKEN LITTLE, OVER...

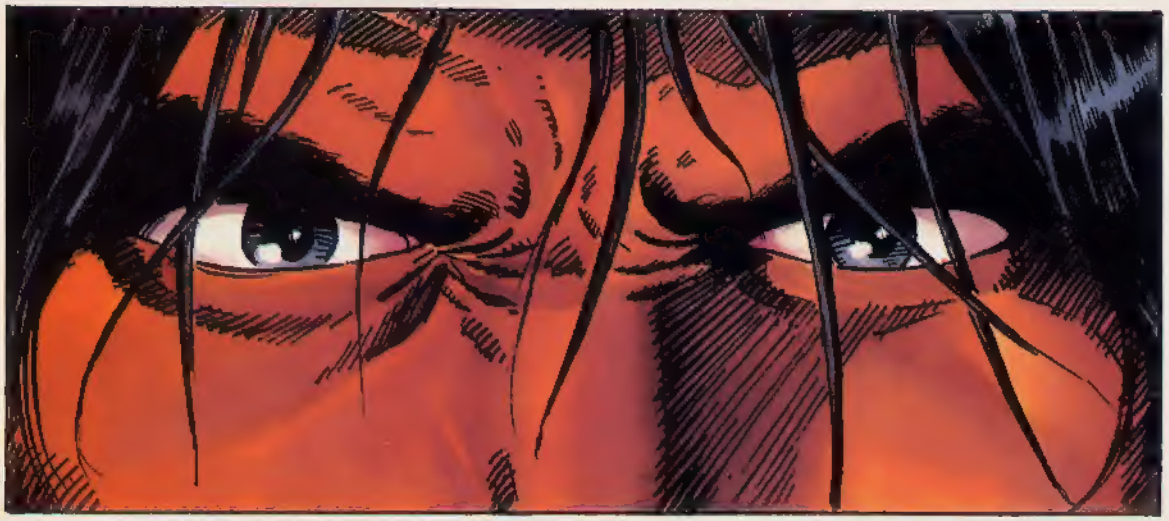
...REPEAT: CHICKEN LITTLE CALLING--
BLAIR? THIS IS HIGDON! WHAT THE HELL'S HAPPENING OUT THERE?
FIRST WE LOSE CONTACT WITH CROGHAN, THEN YOU LEAVE THE AIRCRAFT--!
CROGHAN'S DEAD, SIR. WE GOT ATTACKED...WE GOT OUR BUTTS CHEWED BY THOSE DINOSAURS!
OF THE ORIGINAL PARTY, ONLY ME AND TUROK SURVIVED.
AND, SIR? THE BIONISAUR CASUALTIES ...SELF-DESTRUCTED--WENT RIGHT UP IN FLAMES AS SOON AS THEY WERE SHOT.
WE DIDN'T GET ANY CLUES ON WHY THEY ATTACKED.
THIS IS GETTIN' US NOWHERE FAST. IN CASE YOU AIN'T AWARE, THE INTERNATIONAL SITUATION'S PRETTY SHAKY.
SINCE THOSE FOREIGN SPIES THE LIZARDS KILLED WERE ON OUR SOIL, THEIR COUNTRIES CAN'T RESPOND PUBLICLY.
SO JOE PUBLIC HAS NO IDEA THAT A DOZEN "FRIENDLY" NATIONS ARE PREPARING TO START THE NEXT WORLD WAR WITH US.

YOU AND THE INDIAN BAG THOSE BODIES AND BRING 'EM BACK HERE, PRONTO!

YES, SIR. BLAIR OUT.

THE OTHER NATIONS BLAME THE U.S. GOVERNMENT BECAUSE THEY KNOW OF ORB INDUSTRIES' DINOSAUR BREEDING EXPERIMENTS.
I MUST WARN MY BLOOD-BROTHER THAT TROUBLE STALKS HIM.
PUT ME THROUGH TO ORB'S MASTER --ARIC DACIA.

AW, NO... STONEWALLING HIGDON'S ONE THING--BUT MAKING AN UNAUTHORIZED CALL TO AN UNSECURED CHANNEL...IS...IS...



ORB INDUSTRIES HEADQUARTERS, NEAR BOSTON.
ORB
...NO, TUROK, THIS IS THE FIRST I'VE HEARD OF THE SITUATION.
THANK YOU FOR THE WARNING, BUT THE GOOD SKIN ALREADY TOLD ME MY PHONE IS "BUGGED."
THE RING IS PREVENTING THOSE DOGS FROM HEARING US.
IN ANY CASE, STAY THERE AND I'LL COME HELP YOU END THIS.
NO--WAIT. DISCOVERING WHO IS CONTROLLING THE BIONISAURS WILL REQUIRE STEALTH.
WHEN WE FAIL TO RETURN TO HEADQUARTERS, THE C.I.A. WILL KNOW SOMETHING IS WRONG.
IF YOU ARE BEING WATCHED, YOU'LL LEAD THEM STRAIGHT TO ME.
BUT, LORD ARIC, IF I DON'T CALL BACK WITHIN A DAY, THEN YOU SHOULD COME FIND ME IN UTAH.
GOODBYE... MY FRIEND.
GOVERNMENTS-- THEY CAUSE NOTHING BUT MISERY.
ONE OF THESE DAYS I SHOULD TAKE CARE OF THAT!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER.
NOW THIS LOOKS LIKE A PLACE THE BIONISAURS WOULD CALL HOME.
DENSELY WOODED, FAR FROM THE NOISY WORLD OF MEN...
...I WOULD FEEL AT HOME HERE TOO--WERE I NOT HERE TO HUNT!
THESE WEAPONS DID LITTLE TO SAVE BLAIR'S TEAMMATES. PERHAPS I CAN PUT THEM TO BETTER USE.
ALL RIGHT, I GOT YOU HERE. BUT DON'T EXPECT ME TO CRAWL DOWN ANY RABBIT HOLES WITH YOU.
BE QUIET AND FOLLOW ME. THE TRAIL GOES THIS WAY.

UH-UH, TUROK. I'VE ALREADY FOLLOWED YOU FARTHER THAN I SHOULDA.
HAVE FUN GETTING KILLED-- I'M OUTTA HERE!
BLAIR--WAIT! YOU HAVE NO CHANCE ALONE!
IT'S NO USE. I'LL NEVER CATCH HIM WITH THIS MUCH WEIGHT ON MY BACK.
AH, WELL, I NO LONGER NEED HIM. IF A MAN IS A FOOL, THEN HE DESERVES WHAT HE GETS.
GREAT. LOOKS LIKE IT'S GONNA BE A LONG WALK BACK TO CIVILIZATION.
BLAIR! OVER HERE!
HUH?
OH, WOW. AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU!

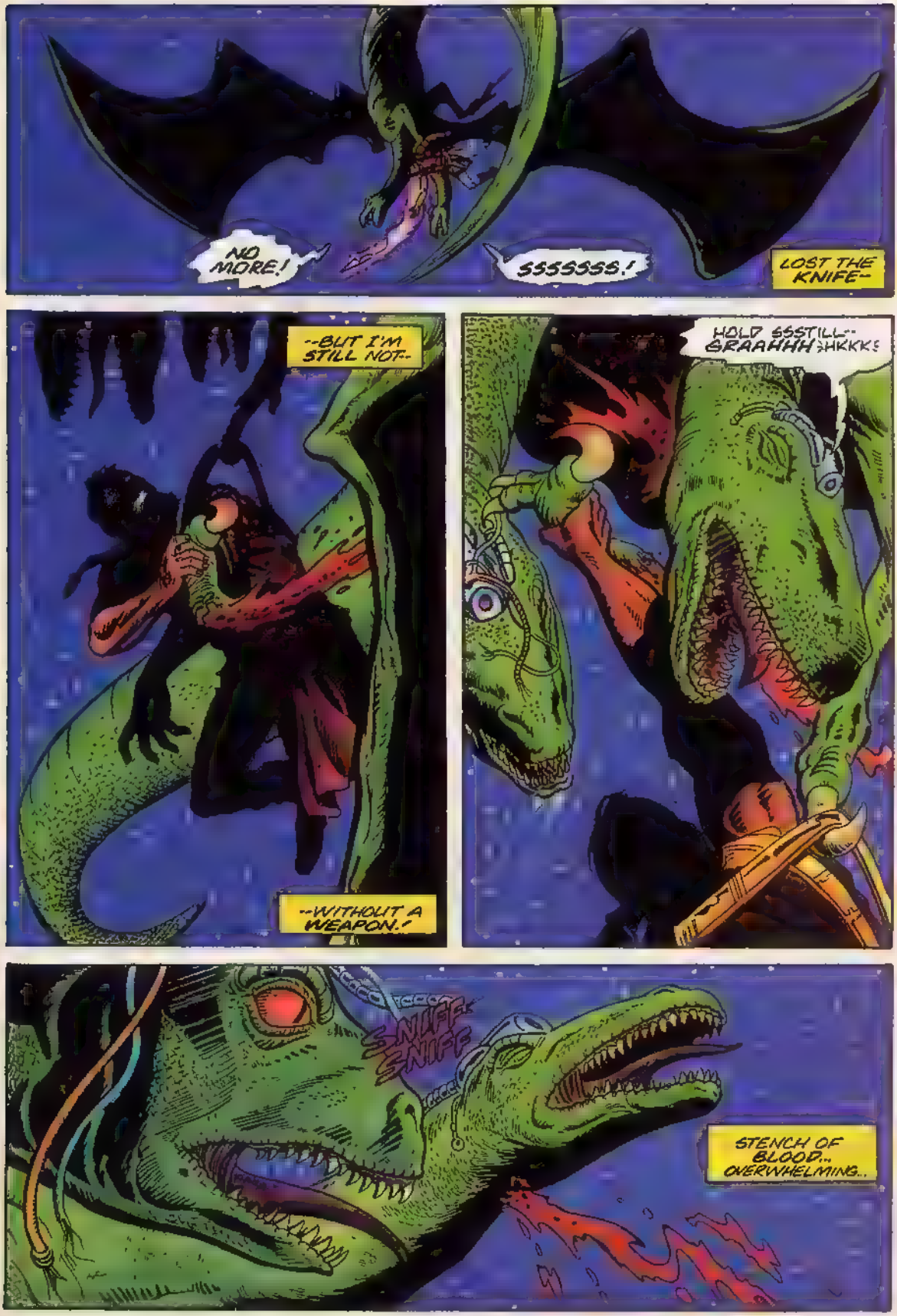
THESE WOODS MAY LOOK UNSPOILED, BUT THE GROUND IS BEGINNING TO TELL A DIFFERENT STORY
THERE ARE SIGNS OF UNUSUAL TRAFFIC ON THE FOREST'S PINE-NEEDLE CARPET
THESE LOOK LIKE WAGON TRACKS-- OF A SORT THAT I HAVE NEVER SEEN
AND SOME OF THESE TREES DON'T HAVE THE USUAL MOSS COVERING THEIR SOUTH SIDE..
WELCOME, SSSLAYER OF MON-ARK...
...WE WERE EXSSSPECTING YOU!
NEVER... IN ALL MY YEARS OF HUNTING... HAVE I SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THIS!

TO THE LEFT--THE LEFT!
SSSILENCE, BROTHER! I SSSTRIKE FIRSSST!

WRONG. I STRIKE FIRST!
THOUGH WITH THIS TWISTED MONSTER, I CAN ONLY GUESS WHAT PARTS OF THE BODY TO SHOOT AT.
SSSTOP TH-- RRAAGHH!
NOW THE MONSTER HAS ONLY ONE SMART HEAD--
:WHLING:-
--THOUGH THAT MAKES IT NO LESS DANGEROUS!
DO NOT FIGHT ME, BROTHER...
HRONK!
HAVE TO RUN BEFORE THE SMART HEAD GAINS CONTROL!
WE WILL SSSUCK THE MARROW FROM YOUR BONESSS!

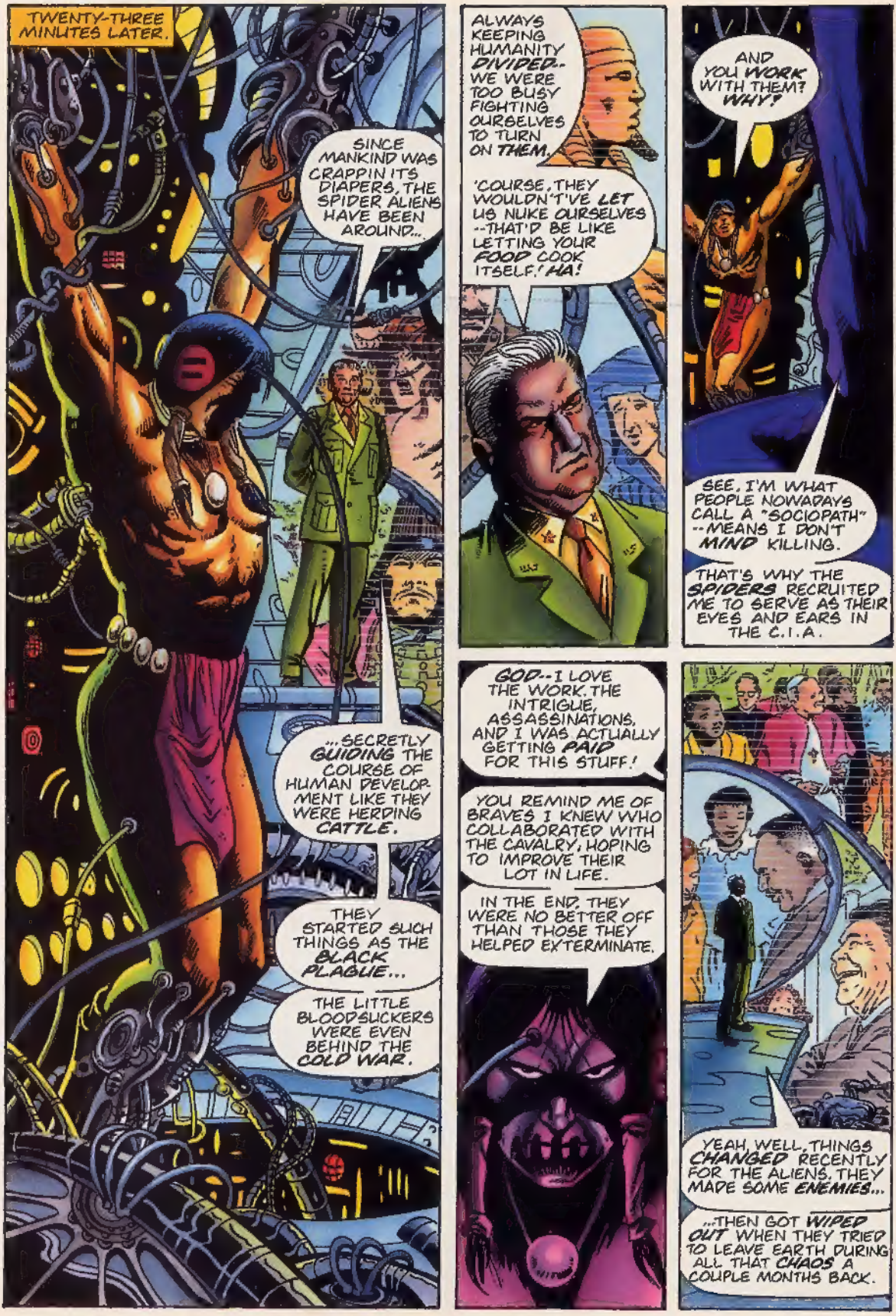
I CAN HEAR THE RIVER--
--BUT I'M RUNNING OUT OF TIME!
KUNK
THUNK
YES!
HEAR ME, DA'TA-- LET THE RIVER BE DEEP!

SPANG!
NOOO!!!
NOW, BROTHER, WE FEASSST!
GRONK!
STILL HAVE THE KNIFE..!
ZZZAAAAK
DON'T KNOW WHICH IS WORSE-- THE SCREAMING, OR THE UNHOLY STINK OF ITS BLOOD!
CLAW... SO DEEP IN SHOULDER... WON'T FALL OUT..
...THE TAIL...!


NO MORE!
SSSSSSS.!
LOST THE KNIFE--
--BUT I'M STILL NOT--
--WITHOUT A WEAPON.!
HOLD SSSTILL--
GRAAHHH!HKKKS
SNIFF-SNIFF
STENCH OF BLOOD... OVERWHELMING..

JUST AS I'D HOPED--THE DAMAGED HEAD CANNOT RESIST INSTINCT.
CHOMP
NOOO!
ENJOY YOUR MEAL, MONSTER.
GYAHH.'
RAAARRGH...!

MY LIFE SPEWS FROM MY SHOULDER IN HOT, WET SPURTS, KEEPING TIME WITH THE WAR DRUM IN MY CHEST.
I MAY NOT LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO FIND OUT WHO'S CONTROLLING THE BIONISAURS.
BUT IF I MUST MEET DEATH, LET IT BE WITH A WARRIOR'S FACE.
WELL, IT AIN'T MAX FACTOR. BUT IT DOES MATCH THE FEATHER!
HIGDON? WITH THE SPIDER-DEMONS--?
SURPRISED, SON? Y'KNOW, YOU PUT UP SUCH A GOOD FIGHT, I THINK I'LL ACTUALLY TELL YOU WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE--
--THAT IS, BEFORE YOU DIE.
TAKE HIM, BOYS. AND TRY NOT TO GET TOO EXCITED BY ALL THAT BLOOD.
MMMM... SHLURP


TWENTY-THREE MINUTES LATER.
SINCE MANKIND WAS CRAPPIN ITS DIAPERS, THE SPIDER ALIENS HAVE BEEN AROUND...
...SECRETLY GUIDING THE COURSE OF HUMAN DEVELOPMENT LIKE THEY WERE HERDING CATTLE.
THEY STARTED SUCH THINGS AS THE BLACK PLAGUE...
THE LITTLE BLOODSUCKERS WERE EVEN BEHIND THE COLD WAR.
ALWAYS KEEPING HUMANITY DIVIDED.. WE WERE TOO BUSY FIGHTING OURSELVES TO TURN ON THEM.
'COURSE, THEY WOULDN'T'VE LET US NUKE OURSELVES --THAT'D BE LIKE LETTING YOUR FOOD COOK ITSELF! HA!
AND YOU WORK WITH THEM? WHY?
SEE, I'M WHAT PEOPLE NOWADAYS CALL A "SOCIOPATH" --MEANS I DON'T MIND KILLING.
THAT'S WHY THE SPIDERS RECRUITED ME TO SERVE AS THEIR EYES AND EARS IN THE C.I.A.
GOD--I LOVE THE WORK. THE INTRIGUE, ASSASSINATIONS, AND I WAS ACTUALLY GETTING PAID FOR THIS STUFF!
YOU REMIND ME OF BRAVES I KNEW WHO COLLABORATED WITH THE CAVALRY, HOPING TO IMPROVE THEIR LOT IN LIFE.
IN THE END, THEY WERE NO BETTER OFF THAN THOSE THEY HELPED EXTERMINATE.
YEAH, WELL, THINGS CHANGED RECENTLY FOR THE ALIENS, THEY MADE SOME ENEMIES...
...THEN GOT WIPED OUT WHEN THEY TRIED TO LEAVE EARTH DURING ALL THAT CHAOS A COUPLE MONTHS BACK.

THE ALIENS I'M CURRENTLY WORKING WITH DIDN'T TAKE OFF BEFORE THE EFFECT HIT.
THEY'RE THE ONLY ONES LEFT ON EARTH--WE'VE CHECKED AND CAN'T FIND ANY OTHERS.
YOU CAN IMAGINE THEY'RE KINDA DESPERATE.
ENTER THE BIONISAURS--THE PERFECT TOOL FOR UPSETTING WORLD PEACE WITHOUT RISKING DIRECT INVOLVEMENT.
THEN WE LEAKED THE INFORMATION TO FOREIGN GOVERNMENTS THAT THE U.S. GOVERNMENT--
--HAD CLOSE TIES WITH ORB INDUSTRIES, WHOSE BIO-ATLANTIC DIVISION HAD SUCCESSFULLY CLONED DINOSAURS.
BIO ATLANTIC LABORATORIES
AND THAT'S ALL IT TOOK TO TURN THE GOVERNMENTS AGAINST THE WORLD'S LAST SUPER-POWER--THE UNITED STATES.
THE ALIENS FIGURED OUT HOW TO REMOTE CONTROL THE LIZARDS' IMPLANTS, AND NOW COMMAND EVERY SINGLE BIONISAUR ON EARTH!
THEY LAUNCHED ATTACKS ON FOREIGN SPIES, WHOSE LOCATIONS COULD BE GOTTEN BY C.I.A. OFFICIALS LIKE MYSELF.
THIS WHOLE PLAN OUGHTA KEEP ME WAIST-DEEP IN WETWORK FOR QUITE A WHILE.

IF ANY BIONISAURS ARE KILLED, WE INCINERATE THEM BY REMOTE, ELIMINATING THE EVIDENCE.
HECK. THE ALIENS'VE EVEN BIO-ENGINEERED NEW BIONISAURS, LIKE THE ONE YOU JUST FOUGHT.
HEH. IN SPITE OF ALL THE LIZARD'S YOU'VE KILLED, WE JUST KEEP MAKING MORE.
PTHU
WELL, I WALKED RIGHT INTO THAT, DIDN'T I?
I DON'T KNOW IF YOU'LL APPRECIATE IT, BUT I'M LETTING YOU LIVE TO SEE WORLD WAR THREE START--
--THEN, I'LL LET MY FRIENDS HAVE YOU FOR DINNER.

ULSTER COUNTY, NEW YORK. THE HOUSE OF ARIC DACIA.
TWENTY-SIX HOURS, AND STILL NO WORD FROM TUROK.
GOOD SKIN, I CAN'T WAIT ANY LONGER!
I ONLY HOPE I'M NOT ALREADY TOO LATE!
WHY DID I LISTEN TO HIM IN THE FIRST PLACE? I SHOULD HAVE TAKEN THE OFFENSIVE LONG AGO.
NEXT: TUROK VS. X-O MANOWAR

Cover Colorist: BILL DUNN • Additional Colors: WANDERLEI SILVA & CHRYSOULA ARTEMIS-GOMEZ • Letterer: ADAM NIEDZWIECKI • Editor: JULIE CRIMMINS